

The Poets Corner.

THE NIGHT OF WIL.

By CARRIE D. REED.
A proud ship stood, with her fair sails furled,
On the angry, white capped bay,
Only waiting the word of command
To unloose and sail away.

"Oh, let us not tempests angry sea!"

"A voice of warning cried.

"It's a storm an' omens ill to sail!"

Against adverse wind and tide;

The waves are rough in the sheltered bay,

On the ocean mountain high;

We may all be lost in the raging storm—

Let us wait till it pass."

"We heed not the storm," the captain said,

As we are here to stay;

We'll heave it now, and when far away

It's fury will be o'er;

For our ship is strong to break the sea,

And warrant our gallant crew.

The tempest was not, the wind was mild,

And over the waves they flew.

The adverse winds were hushed and still,

And the sun smiled tranquilly

And the ship was safe in a distant port

Ere a storm had swept the sea.

Two countries, alike in wealth and power,

And lying side by side,

By a towering, cloud-capped mountain chain

And over this towering mountain height

The travellers journeyed slow,

With a dreary step, and long eyes

Cast toward the plains below,

As though the way were found

To shorten this looke way?

"Tame the mountain!" the master said,

And straightway the work began—

The work which seemed given of God to try

The power and will of man.

The labourers were few, the tools few,

And the work was slow,

As though the work were hard,

And the ship was safe in a distant port

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